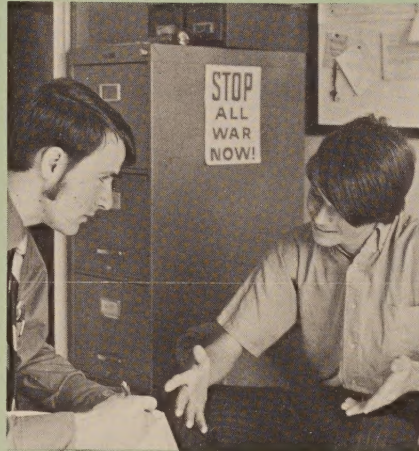


Huckleberry's for Runaways



Huckleberry's, formerly in the Haight-Ashbury area, now located in this three-story Presbyterian parish house in San Francisco.



The author, Ed Bartholomew, interviews a runaway, a new arrival at Huck's.



The Executive Director, Reverend E. Larry Beggs, a Congregational Minister, holds a consultative meeting with a local psychiatric resident.

by Edwin W. Bartholomew

Intern, Glide Memorial Church

"Well, here I am." The husky boy looked at once cocky and uncertain where he stood framed in the doorway of our office.

"What can we do for you?"

"I'm Pete. I'm the one who just called you from the airport. I've just left home and I thought you could help me. I read your book."*

"Well, what kind of help are you looking for?"

"I uh... I want to spend the year in San Francisco and write about the people. I'm a poet."

"Uh huh. How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"Well, OK. Our procedure here at Huck's is first to interview people like you when they come in. What we want to do is see why you've left home, what your plans are, and then what it is that we can help you do. So if you agree, let's go sit over in this room and we'll see what's up."

This is Huckleberry's for Runaways, a crisis center whose purpose is to deal in a creative, open, Christian manner with kids who have run away from home. It is an alternative to police pick-

up and incarceration. Huck's was started by an ecumenical church group concerned with the Church's role with alienated youth. Since its start 50 runaways, on the average, have been served in some way by Huck's each month.

In the interview Pete said that he had run away from home where he was continually being "hassled" by his brother, and that at school his long hair and desire to smoke on school property resulted in conflicts with school officials. Wanting to get away from it all and live as he pleased, he decided to come to San Francisco to experience the ocean and different kinds of people here and to write about them.

Jobs and long-term housing are scarce in San Francisco—especially for a sixteen-year-old poet. It seemed he wanted Huck's to play parent for him now that he was away from home. We told Pete that we would house him for a short time while he looked around. After three days of seeing the city, Pete decided to fly home. He wasn't forced to go back home, or thrown into Juvenile Hall or arrested. He could have left the house any time he wanted for parts unknown, but he chose to work with us, making arrangements with his parents to get back home. Huckleberry's listens to kids, gives them feedback

which does not always meet their expectations, and then allows them to make their own decisions about their immediate future.

Ben came to Huck's from a nearby Bay area suburb. He was a quiet kid who did not like school but also felt his parents didn't understand his problems and was afraid to confront them on the issue. At Ben's request, a "family session" was arranged to include Ben, his parents and Larry Beggs, an ordained minister and Director of Huckleberry's. As the session began, Mr. Beggs asked, "Well, Mr. Smith, how do you feel about your son's leaving home?"

Mr. Smith's reply was addressed to his son. "Well, I guess I've never told you, Ben, but I ran away when I was your age."

This admission created an unexpected openness between Ben and his parents. Maybe his parents **could** understand some of the problems he had been holding back from them.

Ben disliked school, even though he was of above average intelligence. He had managed to escape school by feigning sickness. Now the parents proposed to enter him in a private school,

*Available in bookstores for \$.95 or for \$1.00 including postage from the Rev. L. Beggs, Huckleberry's, 3830 Judah St., San Francisco, Calif. 94109.

Left:

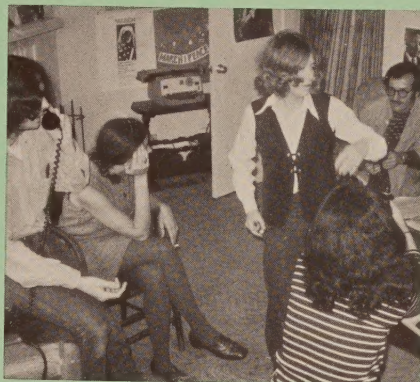
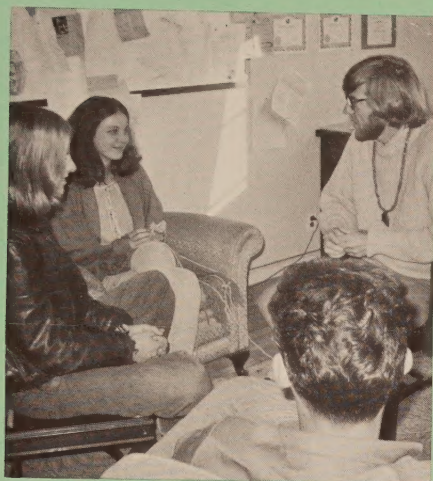
Director Beggs has occasional informal "rap" sessions with runaways where specific problems like drugs, religion, politics, home life and school are explored.

Center:

Informality of staff makes a new visitor feel at home.

Right:

Edwin W. Bartholomew, Intern at Glide Memorial United Methodist Church, San Francisco, California. B.D. Princeton Seminary '71.



to which Ben readily agreed.

A happy contribution to the father and son relationship came when Ben's father proposed to buy a ping-pong table where the two might play together.

Family sessions don't always produce family unity as they did in Ben's case. Sometimes individual members are so closed off from each other that no breakthrough can be made. Susie's situation was like this.

Her immediate complaint was that her parents would not let her spend time with her friends. They were afraid that the friends Susie chose would corrupt her and turn her into a delinquent, so did not allow her beyond their direct vigilance for long. In her frustration Susie "split from home" and came to us. After several phone calls to her parents a family session was finally agreed to. The session lasted four hours. The participants never got beyond yelling, making threats and throwing accusations at each other. The family returned home in one car, an apparent unit composed of individuals who were in reality separated and cut off from one another. There is a good chance that Susie will

again run away from home.

The number of kids who run away is on the increase. Many parents never trust their children to participate in the decision-making process. It is Huckleberry's philosophy that decision-making is basic to one's humanity. At Huck's we have seen many youngsters presented with several alternatives for action and the probable consequences of each, who then made decisions which proved to be right ones for them at that time. Some make poor decisions. We believe that they must be allowed to make those, hoping they will learn from them.

A modern Christian thinker, Professor Paul Lehmann, believes that maturity depends upon decision-making in an atmosphere of freedom. No person can be forced to do things for too long before he either rebels against the force or succumbs to it. To rebel is a humanizing act and to submit is a dehumanizing one. Huckleberry's for Runaways exists to help make life more human for all the kids whose lives it touches. This ought to be the work of every church.

One lad shared this letter with us: "As we've told you many times,

we love you deeply... I still think Jesus Christ was the best prophet of love and peace. Perhaps someday all us so-called Christians will really live up to the creed we say we believe in."

Of her seventeen-year old, a mother wrote:

"... I only wanted to know he was alive. It was up to him if he wanted to come home. I did not want him brought home by force. We tried that with negative results... Tell John I would 'kill the fatted calf' if he wanted to come back, and also that he would have his own room. John's Catholic, and I hope he is attending Mass on Sundays."

One father wrote:

"We are happy to report that our daughter has returned home and is making satisfactory progress... We wish to thank you for your kindness and your help in our time of great sorrow and need. May you, with God's help, guide troubled young people back to their homes and to those who dearly love them."

So the beautiful ending of the old parable is repeated over and over: "This my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found."

by Robert H. Meloy



Nagi Konagi

"What brought you all out here tonight? Why have you come to church? Was it because you heard a black man was going to preach and you came out to watch him?" The little Egyptian village church was filled to capacity, and the congregation stirred uneasily as the speaker went on. "Well, this black man has come with a friend who does not know any such distinctions of color. And this friend I want to introduce to you is the Lord Jesus Christ!"

Thus spoke Nagi Konagi, six feet, 180 pounds, from the Nuba Mountains in the Sudan, 1500 miles to the south. He was nearly finished with his four-year course in the Cairo Evangelical Theological Seminary. He had already made such a name for himself in the Evangelical churches in Egypt that he could not accept all the invitations that came in asking him to speak. Soon now he would be returning to work among his own people in the Sudan.

Already thirty years old, Nagi was more mature than most of his seminary colleagues. He had come a long way, and he knew that it was God's hand that had been placed upon him twenty years before in El Obeid, the Sudan, and had brought him through what seemed like overwhelming odds. Looking back, he remembered how as a lad of eleven he had been lured from watching his father's goats to go to the big city where older boys had earned money which could buy fine clothes and even a watch or radio! But it had not been easy, wandering the streets, looking for work and then working long

hours as the lowest servant in an Arab household. There had been many other boys like himself who used to congregate in the evenings in one of the grass-roofed villages (the **deims**) at the edge of town, gambling and drinking beer and sometimes dancing. Sometimes there were big stick fights in which someone might get killed. Then the police would come and the stick fighters would be taken to prison. But God had something better in store for Nagi.

"Hey, Nagi, have you heard about the **khawaja*** in town over near the bakery?" It was Katcho, a friend from a neighboring village back in the Nuba hills. "They say he is teaching boys how to read. He has a nice house where some of the fellows are meeting their friends instead of walking all the way out to the **deims** after work. Let's go tonight to see what it's like."

The boys came to my home and liked what they found there. Soon they were proudly carrying primers based on the famous Frank Laubach system for teaching illiterates to read. Their copy-books and pencils were purchased from their princely salaries of \$2.00 a month.

However, Nagi's employer did not like it and tried to frighten him from coming to my house. "If you go to listen to what the white man teaches, you will become nothing but firewood for Hell. Come, let me teach you how to pray so that you will know the true religion of Islam and be assured of a happy home in Heaven."

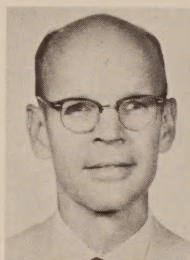
***Khawaja** means foreigner, i.e., the writer of this story.

Nagi refused to listen and kept on coming to the Mission club until his employer fired him. Out of work and with no place to sleep he was allowed to stretch out on the floor in a room at the club. Soon he found himself working for us, sweeping and washing clothes.

Sometime later after evening prayers, Nagi and Katcho responded to the invitation to follow Jesus Christ as Lord. Nagi, brighter and younger than others, was sent off to a government school in the Nuba hills adjacent to a Protestant mission station. When he finished the four years in the primary classes, he was too old and too big to be accepted in the intermediate school. So he wrote to me at Omdurman where I was in charge of a boys' school, and he was accepted as a student there. In Omdurman he became involved in the Boy Scouts and the church's youth society. He was a leader and his warm, simple personality won him many friends. It was a great day when Nagi was baptized in the Omdurman church by Pastor Wesley.

At the end of four years in Omdurman, Nagi, downhearted and dejected, stood in my office. "I'm sorry, Nagi, but in spite of your extra efforts these past few weeks your examination results show that you just don't have a good enough foundation to make it possible for me to recommend you for the secondary school." Nagi knew that what I said was true, but how he longed to go on with his schooling!

"Please, sir, then let me repeat the



Top, left: Ferry boat at confluence of Blue and White Nile. Top, right: Nagi Konagi in the Evangelical Church, Khartoum, Sudan, giving his first sermon following theological training. Left, center: Rev. Wesley Stasy on day he baptized Nagi Konagi. Center: Nagi with Boy Scouts at Omdurman Boys' School. Right, center: Nagi in Audio Visual Department, Khartoum Evangelical Center. Lower right: Nagi preaching in Omdurman Evangelical Church. Lower left: The author, the Rev. Robert H. Meloy, has served the United Presbyterian Church for 24 years as missionary in the Sudan. In 1971 he will receive the degree of Th.M. from Princeton Seminary. Then, with his wife, will return to Lebanon, where they have served for one year.

fourth year. I know I can make it."

I put my hand on Nagi's shoulder and said, "No, Nagi, you have had your chance. You wouldn't want us to keep another boy out of school by using his scholarship aid to let you repeat. I am afraid you will now have to go out and find work. Perhaps you can then continue your studies in night school on your own."

For seven long years Nagi moved from one job to another until he became a sub-foreman in a cloth mill. He

studied in night classes and was always gathering around him other young men, teaching and preparing them for baptism. Several times he tried unsuccessfully to get his high school diploma, the entrance requirement for theological school. Finally the Presbytery took him under care and had him admitted to the Cairo Seminary as a special student.

Now, after completing the seminary course, Nagi is back in the Sudan, working part time in the audio-visual center and travelling around holding evangelis-

tic campaigns.

"There are so many who are living temporarily in the cities who are ready to hear the Word of God," said Nagi when asked what he sees as his most important responsibility. "The towns are the strategic points for witness today just as they were for the Apostle Paul. I am thankful that the Lord has enabled me to witness this way to many for whom Christ died. The biggest need is for more black Sudanese preachers of the Word."

Mary Robertson's Son



Mary Robertson had always hoped that she might have a son who would preach the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Today she has found a way. For the next three years, Jim Wilson will be her "son" at Princeton Seminary. Each year he will receive \$100 in scholarship aid from the earnings of the \$2500 Mary

Robertson Scholarship Fund.

When Jim graduates and goes into Christian service at home or abroad, another student will become her "son" at Princeton. This will continue as long as she lives—every three years a new "son" in Seminary, every three years a new "son" in service, for each of whom

she will pray with special concern.

More than this, after she is gone her Scholarship Fund will keep on working, and the steady procession of Mary Robertson's "sons" will go on as long as Princeton Seminary exists.

**Richard S. Armstrong, Director of Development
Princeton Theological Seminary, Princeton, New Jersey 08540**

I enclose \$2,500 to endow a perpetual scholarship fund for a "son" in Princeton Seminary. Please keep me informed as to the name of the student receiving this aid. I wish this fund to be carried in your permanent records as the _____

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the night. The resident priests began their morning chants at four o'clock.

Our communal bathing pool was shared by a water buffalo, numerous leeches, and a domesticated elephant.

Morning Watch, nightly Bible Study, singing, games and closing Worship Service were held each night in, of all places, the Buddhist Temple itself. Was there ever a stranger locus for a Christian Workcamp?

Many of the leading local Buddhists and numbers of the pleasantly curious, sometimes the Abbott himself, attended our night sessions. This included the Bible Study and Worship Services. Many even joined in playing games with us. Obviously, it was for the first time in their lives, and they loved it! They reciprocated by staging a local theatrical program at the close of two of our evening gatherings. Twice our own group responded by impromptu drama, something that almost any Thai can do at the drop of a hat and with consummate skill.

The objective of this Christian Workcamp was to demonstrate the spirit of Christian service by blazing a wide dirt road through the jungle of bamboo, coconut and fruit trees and ant hills to meet the road already connecting the Marble Temple and the local school.

Many of our young people and some of their advisors had never had a grubbing-hoe or an axe in their hands. The locals were obviously skeptical when we first arrived. For the first couple of days they simply stared and acted as "sidewalk superintendents." When they saw this group of tenderfeet day after day defy the glaring sun of the hottest season in the tropics and laugh at rain, mud, blisters and injuries six hours a day without complaint and with wonderful enthusiasm, they were amazed at the spirit and gameness of the youngsters and their leaders.

The locals themselves began to join in the work in increasing numbers. They worked side by side with us, clearing the brush, felling the trees, boring through tough ant hills and digging ditches on each side, using the dirt to fill in the middle, a right of way about 24 feet wide. On the last day of

the project there were 123 locals helping us, including the Abbott, who didn't actually dig but who ran the measuring line.

We finished the mile-long road late on Saturday, but we stayed on for two more days of relaxation and worship, to cement friendships formed during the week of back-breaking toil. Certainly we would never have succeeded without the help of the local community, but it is just as certain that they never would have done it themselves without the inspiration and example of this warm-hearted group of Christian young people. The behavior of the community was beyond praise. During the whole ten days we didn't have to buy a single grain of rice. They showered us with rice, fruits, vegetables, goodies and ice water on the job.

On the closing day of our visit, one of the workers, a recent convert from Islam, came to me and said, "I have never had such an experience in my life up to now. I may decide to give up teaching as a profession and go into preaching or evangelistic work of some kind. If you ever again have a Workcamp like this, I want to be in on it."

Besides putting on a most convincing demonstration of useful Christian service and making friends with some very wonderful people, we handed out Christian literature and visited in many homes. The Abbott and almost all of the local leaders participated in the closing night Worship Service, and most of them spoke. The service and fellowship went on into the night; no one seemed to want to break the spell by going to bed, tired as we all were. The next morning, when we said "farewell," many of the locals actually cried—something quite unusual in Thailand, indeed!

Please pray that many of these dear people, whom we came to know, love and admire, may in turn come to know and love our Lord Jesus Christ.

Top left: Digging through an ant hill. Top right: Fraternizing with community friends. Lower left: Some advisors and youth participants. Lower right: Some of our workers were in their early teens.



by B. Preston Bogia

F^{OR}G^{OTTEN} BO^{YS}

The Parable of the Prodigal Son has just been read. I ask the eight teen-age boys in the group, "What do you think of that father's love for his son?"

Silence. One boy turns to look out the window; another starts to clean his fingernails.

Try again. "Don't you think this story gives us a good idea of what God must be like?"

More silence. Some whispers and snickers. Boys shaking their heads.

"All right, what's wrong? This parable seems to me to say something pretty important, but you don't see it the way I do.

Banners in the Chapel, which are gifts from a local Roman Catholic Junior High class, express graphically some of the truths of the Christian faith.



Boys receive Holy Communion in the Chapel regularly.

What's wrong with it?"

"It ain't real. If I pulled that stuff, my old man would tell me to get the hell out and never come back."

How can a chaplain tell boys about a God who loves them like a father when they don't know what a loving father is? The standards that are assumed by much of middle-class America simply have no meaning to those reared in a world where survival of the fittest (and slickest) is a basic rule of life.

The Kansas Boys Industrial School is a treatment institution for boys who have been committed for an indefinite stay by juvenile court judges. The 230 boys range in age from 9 to 19. As a member of a team, the chaplain serves as pastor to these youths in conflict.

Sam was returning to the School after a pass home. He stopped in a restaurant for a meal, and left without his wallet. Later, when one of the staff took him back to retrieve it, he was puzzled and amazed.

"The money is still in it!" he exclaimed.

"Well, of course," was the answer. "They have reliable per-

The sixteen positions in the Chapel Choir are filled by audition. The Choir is frequently invited to sing off-campus for churches, civic groups, and on special occasions.



Princeton Seminary, 1959



sonnel there, and they are expected to be honest."

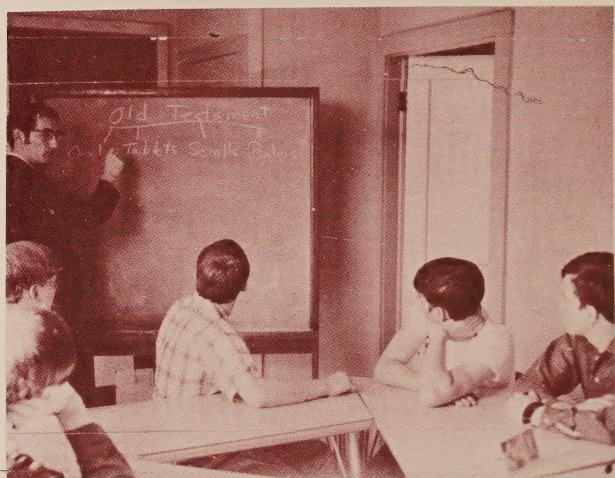
"Yes, but it doesn't seem right," said Sam, shaking his head.

"Why not?"

"Well," he replied, "if I had found it, I would have taken the money. And so would all the other people I know."

Sam's whole life pattern has taught him that people just naturally steal from each other when the chance presents itself. Had his money been gone, he would not have been upset; he would just have accepted it as a part of what life is all about, figuring that, with what he took from others, it all evens out in the long run.

Preaching to Sam, and boys like him, isn't very effective.



Instruction classes help boys to continue their growth in understanding the Bible and the Christian faith.

It isn't that they don't *care* about doing what's right—they *do*! The problem is that they have different ideas about what's right and what's wrong.

Danny explained to me what it's like where he grew up:

"Nobody has enough money to buy bikes for all the kids, so nobody ever worries about it. If you need a bike, you just take it from somebody's yard and use it. When you're through, you just leave it some place, maybe even in your own yard. Usually, by the next morning, it's gone, because somebody else wanted to use it. It's the same way with cars when you get older. Usually nobody ever calls the cops. Only sometimes somebody gets tired of having the car gone all the time, then you get picked up."

"You mean," I asked, "that you don't think stealing is wrong?"

Danny grinned at me as though he couldn't figure out why I would ask such a dumb question.

"Not that kind of stealing," he said. "Only when you take something that somebody else really needs, and don't plan to take it back."

One of our student chaplains found out about this kind of



Boys and staff together enjoy Social Hour after Chapel; refreshments are provided by members of Second Presbyterian Church of Topeka, and by the Third Order of St. Francis, a Roman Catholic organization.

"innocent" stealing when he took some boys on a hike. He treated them all to refreshments at a nearby restaurant before returning to campus. Imagine his embarrassment, back in the cottage, when every boy in the group took from his pocket some item "picked up" in the restaurant—silverware, salt shakers, etc. It was all a big joke as far as they were concerned, and they were honestly puzzled when staff members got upset. The boys knew the articles would be returned, so they couldn't see what harm they had done.

A banner hanging in the Chapel displays the motto, "DON'T TALK OF LOVE—SHOW ME!" This seems to be the only approach that is effective. It is not safe for the staff to assume that any of our residents have ever experienced the reality of a loving relationship in their lives. The burden of loving falls on those who want to show their concern—through helping, supporting, advising, counseling, disciplining, teaching, punishing, confronting. By repeated examples of love in action, a boy's sense of worth and dignity is built, until he *wants* to be a part of the world around him.

Then he begins to learn how to respond to the love he has felt by loving others in return. He grows emotionally, so that other people become important, and his respect for them helps him to refrain from acting out against them as he did in the past. Stealing and vandalism seem less attractive to him; his values change; his standards are set higher.

Perhaps, eventually, he may even be able to comprehend that God loves him, too, as the chaplains keep telling him. But this is a last step instead of a first one.

Helping each boy to reach that step is one of the goals of his stay at the School. But what a world of difference there is between that realization and the definition of God offered by one of the new boys: "God is like an angry cop in the sky, just waiting for you to mess up so he can bust you."

It's a different world—but not completely inaccessible. It just takes a lot of love, a lot of work, and a lot of patience.

On an open, unfenced campus, bitterness and resentment are minimized, and it is possible to talk about problems and feelings with someone who cares.





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able handicap. But not for long in this case.

"My opponents apparently did not enjoy their tainted victory," remembers the Judge. "They even apologized to me for the dirty politics and at the next election the mayor invited me to join his slate of candidates. This time I won." Dumaguete voters approved their choice, re-electing the young councilman for three subsequent four-year terms until, in fact, his appointment to the bench by Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos in November 1970.

There are only four Juvenile and Domestic Relations courts in the Philippines, and Judge Aldecoa's is unique among them in that it is the only one which also includes general criminal cases. "Even the Department of Justice is surprised at the scope of my court," says the Judge.

Though common criminal cases—everything from homicide to smuggling—crowd the calendar, it is the juvenile department that is closest to Judge Aldecoa's big heart. "If we can get a dropout back into school, if we can teach these boys some

skills with which they can support themselves, then we can have a part in helping to build them into citizens of which our nation can be proud. Do you know," he continued, "that in the year I have been in this court we have not had a single youth come back as a repeater? Before that they used to go in and out of jail as if it were a revolving door."

The Judge's interest in youthful law-breakers does not stop when they are brought into his court. He tries to get at the root of their problems, usually extreme poverty, a broken home, or perhaps they are unwanted orphans. He visits whatever homes they may have. He goes to their schools to talk with the teachers. He follows the boys along the come-back road. He is continually involved in programs of character building and rebuilding. Boys like Julio, who once stood trembling before him in court, discover that they have a new friend, one to whom they can turn for help in solving their personal problems.

The Judge also gives generously of his time to church and civic organizations, including the YMCA, the Boy Scouts and the Mental Health Association; and he is

a Trustee of Silliman University. He has always been a loyal and active Christian. For many years he has been a faithful member of Silliman University Church. From 1962-66 he was national president of United Churchmen. For two months in the summer of 1966 he was a member of a World Council of Churches study section on Church and Society in Geneva. Returning from this meeting by way of the United States, he was much in demand as a men's group and church speaker. Presently he is chairman of the Commission on Christian Service and Witness of the United Church in the Philippines.

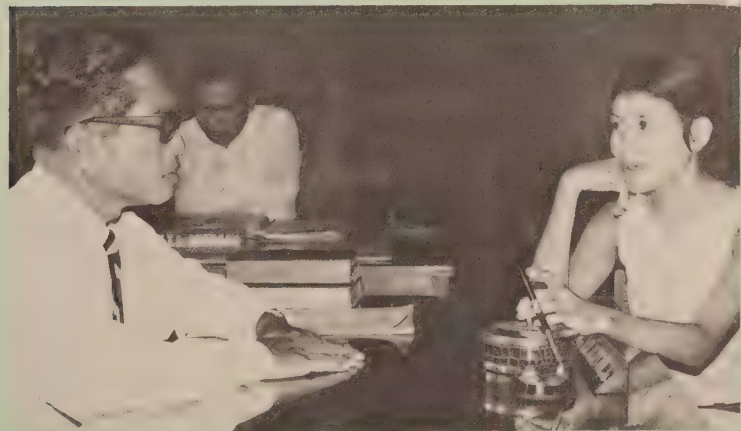
Summing up his remarkable career, Judge Aldecoa says, "I'm in a Christian vocation. I think God called me to this place of service. If I did not feel that it was relevant to my Christian faith, I wouldn't have accepted it. I consider it my discipleship. One of the greatest needs in our country today is for the fair and honest administration of justice. That is what our rural people, our farmers, our poor, our student activists are clamoring for. In my small way I am trying to make a contribution to my country and to my Lord."



Trying to "get at the facts" in an office hearing with youthful lawbreakers



Judge Aldecoa visits a group of wards of the court who have been participating in a week-long rehabilitation camping experience for school dropouts who have gotten into trouble with the law



Discussing a support case with a suppliant

The Awakening Years

**William R. Forbes is a member of the graduating class of 1972 and has already accepted an appointment as Assistant Minister (for Youth and Christian Education) at the First Presbyterian Church of Princeton, New Jersey.*

An interview with Bill Forbes*

You can tell who the kids in the fellowship are because they are "different." Petite 15-year-old Sandra had attended some of the youth meetings in the church the previous year but had lost interest. "My mother thought that I should go, but I didn't feel there was anything to belong to. We were supposed to do our own thing every week, and I got bored with it all."

What makes a group of young people into a belonging fellowship of Christians? How do belonging and commitment grow where there is no root? In recent years the only answer for the alienated generation has been "running with the kids." But running where? Where are the young people of today going? Who has an effect upon their searching and self-development?

During the summer of 1970, Bill Forbes became the youth leader of the senior high school young people's group at First Presbyterian Church in Princeton, New Jersey. "I was faced with a challenging dilemma," he recalls. "Their former leader had gone to a new job, and the group was leaderless. Fifty young people would come out for fun nights, but small group activities were poorly attended."

John was one member who was only slightly involved. "We wanted something, but it seemed vague; and Bill was just another stranger to us. But then we had that first retreat. We did some small-group activities, trying to find common ideas and feelings. For the first time I began to care about knowing others in the group. That realization of what it meant to care

about people was a real turning point for me. The way of love that Bill had talked about began to have real meaning for me."

From that first retreat emerged a core of ten young people who wanted to go somewhere with their new-found questions about God and love, caring and trust and Christ. "I realized that the way had been opened for me to go somewhere with these senior highs, and I was excited. Our activities for the fall program had included Sunday evening supper and fellowship meetings, during which we had a variety of programs geared to topics and interests voiced by the whole group. Now there was a need for something else, something deeper. And the fact that these young people had approached me made me all the more anxious to get a new program under way."

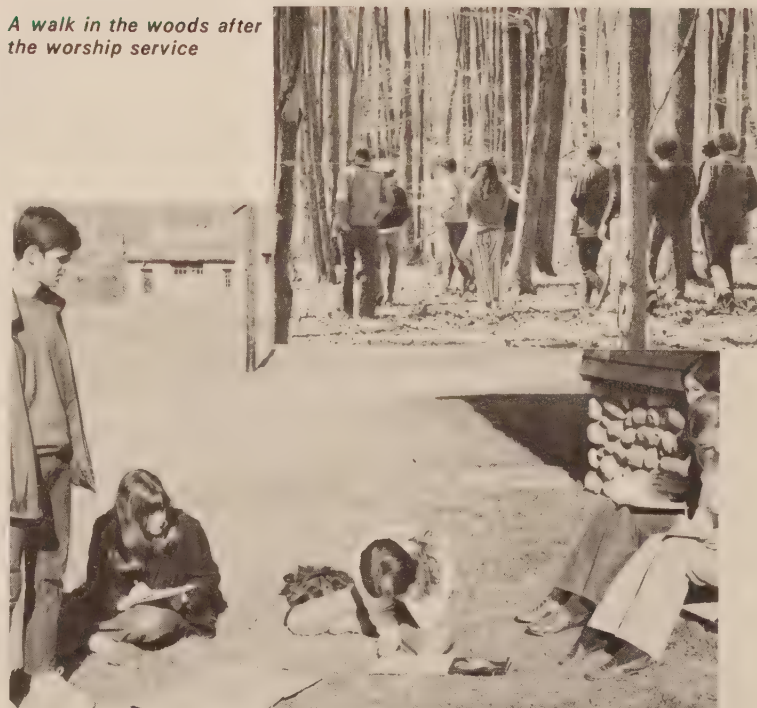
Bill still remembers the first *Koinonia* meeting. "The ten young people and I wanted to explore the dimensions of the Christian faith in a unique and in-depth way. We wanted to share our concerns and questions in a meaningful fellowship. We chose the name *Koinonia* because in Greek it means a unique and deep fellowship of love and trust. This was what we had. The only time we could meet was at 6:45 A.M. on Fridays, before school. These young people wanted answers for their problems and frustrations. As they met, month after month, questioning became the reality that belief and trust in Jesus Christ did have meaning for them. From frustration and doubt we gradually awoke to a fresh understanding of the Bible. The core of ten expanded



Scripture lesson at the worship service

Planning the weekend worship service

A walk in the woods after the worship service



Meal time at Spring Valley Y.M.C.A. in



as word spread that 'something different' had happened to those who were a part of *Koinonia*."

"I found that other people were searching for answers, too," said Bruce, a junior. "It was so odd the way it began to dawn on me. But when I saw someone in the hall at school who was in *Koinonia*, or fellowship, I didn't just pass on by. I cared about him and stopped to talk. I was drawn to others in the group."

Perhaps the significant development in the Princeton youth fellowship can be summed up by the direction that the whole program has taken. The young people have a variety of areas in which they can participate. On Wednesday evenings, for instance, Bill takes from fifteen to twenty members out to the New Jersey State Training School for Boys, a state institution for juvenile delinquents 8 to 12 years old. Here the group visits a cabin of sixteen boys. The evening includes games, sports, talking, parties and just serving as "big brother" or "big sister" to disadvantaged boys who are in great need of love. The fellowship realized that outreach is an important part of commitment to the Christian idea, and this seemed a wonderful opportunity to serve and care. Participants must promise to be present one night each week.

Another aspect of the program has dealt with the Church itself. A new dimension has been added to the overall program by a Sunday morning class. Topics have included The Christian Conscience in the Political Arena, Communications in Our World, Widening the Sexual Consciousness, and Drama in a Christian Perspective.

The young people seek to show the way of love to friends in school and to "neighbors" within the church family. They have conducted several youth worship services: a dramatic presentation of the hope brought by Jesus Christ; a program on loneliness, using records, slides and tape recordings; and one on ecology and its Christian implications. These services are highlights of their activities; through them the senior highs share their faith with the whole church family. Each youngster first discovers his own particular talent and then makes use of it in his service to others.

The group has held several retreats which emphasized new needs and renewed their love and faith in Christ. Members are constantly aware of friends in school and newcomers, who might get something from participation. *Koinonia* has begun to interest persons of many different faiths and ages, including one Catholic nun. The unique tie which bound the first ten people who started *Koinonia* has expanded to include about one hundred. Once more the old principle that made the early Church grow so rapidly is exemplified: "One glowing heart set another on fire."

One senior raised in the church began really to know what Christianity is all about through *Koinonia* and fellowship experience. His goals have been altered to include a future in the ministry. "After participating and living what I had learned in the Bible, I now know where I'm going and I have the faith not to give up. *Koinonia* is the highlight of my week, and Christ has become the center of my life."



The hike

William R. Forbes



Swinging bridge

*g Retreat, Frost
New York State*

*End of an "inspirational"
worship service*



The hayride





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The SPIRE

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

nominator—a sharing of doubts, hopes, problems and solutions.

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David Livingstone, the great pioneer missionary, died just one hundred years ago, on May 1, 1873, alone in the heart of Africa and while on his knees in prayer. His five faithful traveling companions removed his heart and buried it at the foot of a great tree. They then embalmed his body with salt and, wrapped in the bark of another large tree, carried it by foot many hundreds of miles to the sea coast. From there, it was taken by ship for burial in Westminster Abbey, England.



One sunny Saturday afternoon last spring I stood beside the open grave of Mugonera Mkandawire. He had been a much respected member of the community at Livingstonia in the remote north of Malawi, that small land-locked country hemmed in by its hostile neighbors, Rhodesia and Zambia, Tanzania and Mozambique.

His grave was on the eastern edge of the cemetery. As I looked beyond it, I could see in the distance and 3,000 feet below, shimmering in the sun, the soft waters of Lake Malawi, Africa's third largest lake. As I lifted my eyes, the towering Livingstone mountains, clearly outlined on the horizon some 70 miles away in Tanzania, rose steeply from the lake to a height of more than 8,000 feet.

The burial service had ended now. The relatives were filling in the grave. As I stood, my imagination took me back to Mugonera Mkandawire's youth. He had been born in Livingstonia, then called Kondowe, probably in the 1870's. He did not know his age—none of the old people did—but he long had been the oldest person in the district. He was already a man when the first missionaries

came in 1894. There were not many people in the area at that time. The slave trade had resulted in thousands being marched off to the slave markets of Zanzibar; this had been followed by fierce inter-tribal fighting, which was still going on. In fact, when Robert Laws and his missionary colleagues arrived at Kondowe, they found no one. The few survivors were living in remote, inaccessible caves for fear of further attacks by their fierce Angoni neighbors.

The people had to be weaned from fear. With love, kindness and great patience, the Gospel had to be lived by those Scottish pioneers. Young Mugonera watched with interest the strange white men and their African companions. Soon he was asking questions, talking to them. He was one of the first to ask for baptism.

The church was planted at Livingstonia, as it had already been in several other places farther south. Its origin, in what is now called Malawi, was connected with that famous missionary-explorer, David Livingstone. He had traveled extensively in Central Africa and what he saw distressed him at times to the point of despair. The slave trade was evident everywhere. Disease, destruction, death were like a blight upon



The congregation of the church in Livingstonia after the morning service.

the land. Burdened by the sins and sorrows of Africa, he wandered for seven years on his final journey; at last on May 1, 1873, at Ilala (now Zambia) he died.

It appeared that he had died a failure: He had failed as a missionary; he had failed as a geographer; he had failed, most of all, as a liberator. There seemed too little of worth to show for his life.

But his death brought to fruition many things for which he had striven. "Unless a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die. . ." [John 12:24]. When the British learned of his death, they were shaken out of their complacency. Up and down the land people



Mr. Campbell teaching a Bible Class at Livingstonia Secondary School.

discussed what should be done to continue his work, particularly in opposition to the slave trade.

The Scots were determined that the concerns of their native son should not be forgotten. Thus, in 1875 the Scottish Churches dispatched an expedition to Central Africa to establish a mission

Living Link to

BY THE



that might "grow into a city and become a center of commerce, civilization and Christianity." It was to be called Livingstonia.

Livingstonia was established on Kondowe plateau, 4,500 feet above sea level. The grand and somewhat colonialist ideas of its supporters never materialized. The city never grew. But the City of God was established there. Mugonera Mkandawire and his companions became devoted followers of Jesus Christ. Before long they were traveling to the surrounding villages, telling others the Good News. At Livingstonia a hospital, a model farm, a teachers' college, a trade school and other institutions were established to serve the local community. Soon a stream of Livingstonia graduates was being sent all over Malawi and into Zambia and Tanzania. They had been

taught a variety of skills; but, more important, they had learned that they were Christ's witnesses wherever they went, whatever they did.

During the 20th century the southern part of the country has seen the most development, and Livingstonia's immense influence has gradually declined. Nevertheless, it still plays an important role in the life of the Church and of the nation.

The emphasis on local leadership has resulted in the rapid spread of Christianity in the past 70 years. The Church of Central Africa Presbyterian was formed in 1924; in 1958 this Church, the largest denomination in Malawi, became completely independent. Since then Presbyterian fraternal workers have continued to work in Malawi, but always at the invitation and under the supervision of

the local church. They are now needed only in a decreasing number of specialist positions, for the most part in medicine and education.

I work with a Malawian colleague at Livingstonia. He is responsible for the local congregation; my task is the pastoral care and Christian instruction of the students at the Secondary School, Night School and Technical School. Most of these young people come from a very simple village background. The plunge into the completely alien world of western thought can have strange effects on some of them.

The author, the Reverend Jim Campbell, who graduated from PTS in 1964 is now at his home in Belfast, Ireland, on furlough from his missionary work in Africa. He is shown here conferring with his Malawi colleague, Mr. Gama.

Livingstonia with a Legend

THE REVEREND JAMES CAMPBELL

The view from Lake Malawi towards Livingstonia.



Last May, Gilbert, the top pupil in the first form, became ill. The medical staff tried every type of treatment without success. Then he confided in me that he felt that he was being bewitched by jealous relatives.

Vincent, the school football captain, contracted shingles. Although he was in great pain, he wanted to leave the hospital and go home. I was called in. He believed, it was discovered, that the school cook was causing his illness and that the only way he could get better was to go to his village and be released by magical means.

How would you have handled such situations? Gradually, trained Malawians are taking over these problems, and those of us from overseas look forward to the day when the Church of Central Africa Presbyterian will have local personnel available for every aspect of its work. Then, perhaps, the Church in Malawi will send missionaries to my native Belfast.

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Above: "Now it's Timmy's turn on top!" Steve supervising some of his younger charges.



Below: Mr. Picariello and the boys leaving for Veterans Stadium, Philadelphia



Top, center: Director Breakstone directing traffic as children embark for Atlantic City trip.



Kite-flying.

Executive Director, Dr. Jack Breakstone, last year initiated "The New Economy," based on a point system. The boys' life style depends on their earned points.

"Hey, Brian. Come here, please."

"Yeah, Mr. Steve."

"You're working on points for a home visit, aren't you?"

"Yeah, I really need some."

"There's some extra work in the kitchen — floor needs mopping and tables have to be wiped up. I'll make it a package deal for 50 points. Interested?"

"Yeah, okay. Thanks."

We try to condition the boys to the concept of earning rather than stealing the necessities and comforts of life. In like fashion they must learn that there are firm limits.

"Richard! Get down from there!"

"Aw, man, we're only playing."

"Get down, NOW!"

"Take a walk."

"That just cost you 100 points. Do you want to go for another 100 or do you want to get down?"

Ricky jumps down from the ledge and says, "You never want us to have any fun, do you? You don't even like kids, I bet!"

"I didn't want you to fall."

"Yeah, man, sure."

With their points they pay for room and board (1000 points a week), clothes, tutors, movies and such other treats as home visits. If they finish a week in a minus point situation, they are given "relief status," which means restricted privileges.

Because we know children grow through

play as well as work, the Home boasts one of the finest recreation programs in the country. The boys have frequent parties and trips to blow off steam. Summer treats range from almost daily swimming to such special excursions as one to Montreal's EXPO.

While I'm typing letters in the office, some of the boys on their way to tutoring stick their heads in to say hello.

"Full moon tonight," says Bobby. (When I had my beard, they nicknamed me 'Werewolf').

"Yes, and you'd better watch out," I answer.

"What are you doing all that typing for?" asks Kim.

"This is letter work for our Disney World trip to Florida. We're all set for housing. But we need money."

"When's the rummage sale gonna' be?"

"In about three weeks—there will be some good bargains for you guys."

"Like your Jeepers," says Billy, pointing to my sneakers and snickering.

"They get me around."

This "put-down" teasing means I've passed their "testing" and been admitted to a kind of acceptance.

As well as work and play we are deeply concerned about the boys' education. A tutorial program which involves more than 40 volunteers came about through the efforts of Assistant Director Louis J. Picariello. This is a supportive adjunct to the boys' schooling, which continues under the Department of Special Services of the Camden City Board of Education. In a program developed in 1961 the institution has three classes for emotionally and socially maladjusted children.

After church on Sunday I often load the boys into one of our minibuses and drive to a park where they can run and play among the trees and fields they love so much. They try especially hard to be good on weekends to earn such an outing.

The evening before Easter vacation I made the rounds to say good-bye to each of my boys; I too was leaving for a brief vacation. I came to Timmy, my seven-year-old.

"I hope you have a good home visit, Tim," I said. "I'll be gone too, and I'll see you in May."

"Are you leaving?" he asked in a worried tone.

"Yes, for a while."

"How long?" he queried, his eyes anxious.

"Oh, for just a while."

"For ever and ever?" he persisted.

As I reassured him that I would indeed be back in the flesh, I knew how much the boys depended on me and from this found renewed commitment.

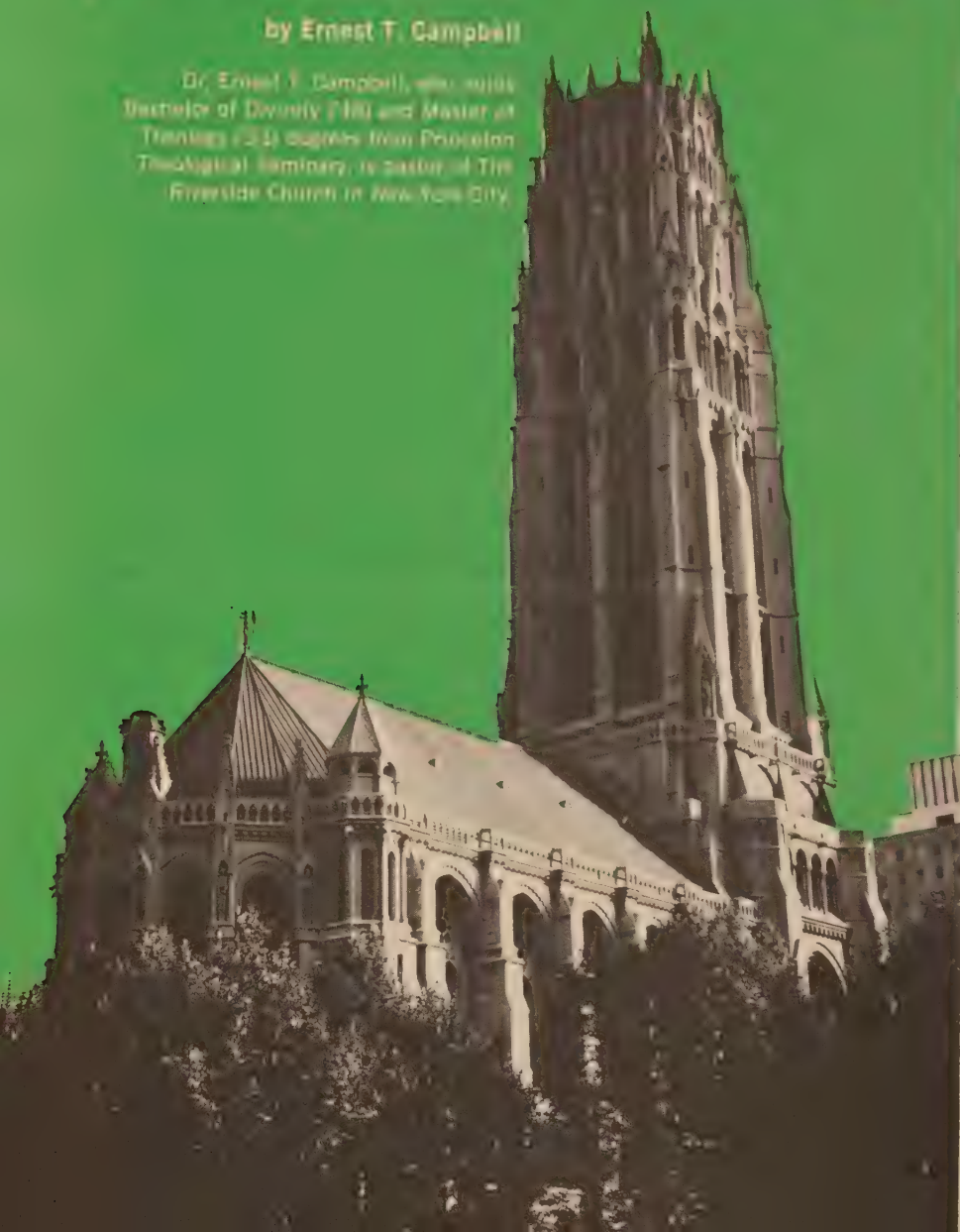
Like others of the "new" ministers, I am where I am needed, where I have been called, hoping that my presence will benefit "my boys" in ways I may never know but readily trust to Jesus, through Whom all things are possible.

Mr. Steven Swerdfeger received the degree of Master of Arts from Princeton Theological Seminary this year. He is a writer of poetry and children's stories and an accomplished organist.

Jesus means freedom

by Ernest T. Campbell

Dr. Ernest T. Campbell, who holds
Bachelor of Divinity (1910) and Master of
Theology (1913) degrees from Princeton
Theological Seminary, is pastor of The
Fireside Church in New York City.



"You have a tremendous opportunity to preach the Gospel in this place, Doctor," said the zealous visitor, who had phoned for an appointment. This middle-aged woman was not a member of my church. Her concern was here, at least for the moment, but her loyalty was elsewhere.

Sensing the opportunity and warming to her task, she went on: "The important thing, you know, is the Gospel. Mustn't allow yourself to be distracted by social and political activity. A lot of people are disappointed that you're not getting on with it."

I found the lingering English accent intriguing, but amber caution lights flashed in my mind. I knew I had to love her in the Lord, but liking her was something else.

"Lots of people are disappointed," I had been hit by that tactic before. How many is a lot? Two or three maybe, and two of them might well be her aunt and her divorced husband's mother. Twenty years ago that gambit would have set me to my beads. It's not that I'm wiser now, just wiser.

We sparred for a while about the meaning of the terms "Gospel," "social" and "political." But this middle-aged woman was a stand-off. There wasn't much hearing going on, just a lot of spelling.

At last the visitor came out with it. She hadn't meant to be that bold, but frustration numbed her inhibitions. Of course, you can't preach about Christ if you've never experienced Him!"

Three generations go to a sermon



Ministers are forever preaching ahead of their experiences and feeling guilty about it. From the right lips such a blow could send me reeling. But not from hers. Between the cracks in her remarks that afternoon this self-appointed inspector of orthodoxy had let slip the fact that she was a woman of considerable means and possessed warm sympathies for the apartheid policies of South Africa.

The Gospel she advocated was a highly spiritualized, if not gnostic, view of the Christian religion. The inner life and the next life were big with her, but not the life of the world round about. The Church was not to tamper with those social and economic arrangements, which were proving such a boon to her.



Three boys work together on a church school project.

To bring a hopeless stalemate to a close I dared to name a church in the city in which she would surely be comfortable. Taken by surprise she blurted out, "Why that's where I belong! I've been a member there for years."

"But you're not going there now?" I asked.

The answer was no. Too many factions. Too much in-fighting. Even the purest assemblies are not without their spots and wrinkles.

The same office on another day brought me face to face with a veteran officer of my parish, a man with a memory long enough to recall the ecclesiastical prosperity of earlier times. To this firm but likable man change was a snarl word. Everything he had banked on as an affluent white was eroding. He lived with a sense of vanishing glory. The Church had already been where it was going. The future was behind it.



Two boys make an Advent wreath for family observance of Advent.

Thumbing through the "yellow pages" of his mind in quest of a scapegoat this layman settled on me, his pastor. Here now was his chance to strap a load of guilt on my back.

"We thought you would be the one to save the situation and pull us through."

Without fully knowing why, my mind fastened immediately on the words spoken to the hidden Christ on the

Men of the church bowl with ex-offenders from a Half-way House once a month.



Emmaus Road, "We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel."

"You have disappointed us," the man went on, "and failed to fulfill our hopes."

The words ripped their way into my heart. Stunned and stung, I pondered my response.

"I'm sorry, friend," I finally answered, "but I can't let you do that to me. Years ago you might have buckled me with an analysis like that, but not now. This

A mother leaves her child in the church care center before going to morning service.



church has for a long time been becoming what it is today. One man didn't make it. One man will not break it. Maybe God is up to something here that's bigger than both of us."

When the gray-haired Trustee left, I sat at my desk for a time and reflected on the pressures I had resisted in those two visits. It all came down to this: For better or for worse a man must trust his own experience of God and his own reading of truth. Everyone is a heretic in someone's eyes. There are always folks around in goodly numbers who would like to tune the pulpit to their pitch. Jesus means freedom—even for a preacher. Thank God for that!

“...I heard the voice of the
Lord, saying, Whom
shall I send, and who will
go for us? Then said I,
Here am I; send me.
And he said, Go...”

Isaiah 6:8-9



It is twenty-seven centuries since young Isaiah said “yes” to God. More than six hundred young men and women now in Princeton Seminary have also said “yes” to God. Over one-half need scholarship aid.

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Princeton Theological Seminary
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The SPIRE

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Princeton, New Jersey 08540



A Summer Ministry in Yellowstone by The Reverend Ronald A. Cottone

"Thanks so much for the worship service this morning."

"It was good to worship outdoors today. Thanks for the service."

"It's so good to see young people carrying on the work of the Lord. May God bless you."

These are some of the comments heard from visiting worshipers this summer at the Fishing Bridge amphitheatre in Yellowstone National Park. Vacationers from every state and denomination gathered to worship together in the inspiring setting of the Yellowstone wilderness. The combination of fresh, clean environment, majestic mountains and enthusiastic fellowship around God's Word provided many of them with a unique religious experience, one that will be remembered long after vacation time is over. Indeed, one couple stated gratefully and with pride, "This is our seventeenth consecutive season in Yellowstone, and we always worship here every summer. We wouldn't miss it for anything!"

Located as we were in a wilderness setting, contact with animal life was inevitable. During one Sunday

evening service in June while the sermon was being delivered, a California sea gull flew down and perched on one of the benches near the back. He appeared to listen intently for three or four minutes before, curiosity satisfied, he flew away.

And, of course, everyone has his own bear story. Mine occurred one night in late August when I stepped out of my cabin in the woods to start my rounds as night watchman. There facing me from the porch of the cabin next door was a 300-pound black bear. We both stood motionless for a few long moments; then he began to move slowly into the forest. His great bulk vanished as silently and mysteriously as a ship slipping into an engulfing fog.

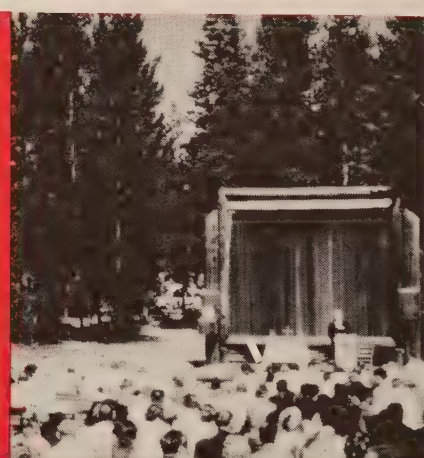
Not only the animals were curious. At almost every service someone would ask, "Is this work your only job or do you also have other duties?" or "Who sponsors the ministry here, and how did you learn about it?"

The ministry program provides worship opportunities in 55 national parks, forests, monuments and rec-

reation areas and is sponsored by *A Christian Ministry in the National Parks*. This program was started at Yellowstone in the early 1950's by the Reverend Warren Ost, a Presbyterian minister who was graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1951. More than 255 seminary and college students were involved this past summer, volunteering their time above and beyond the full-time secular jobs (dishwashing to desk clerking) which occupied them for six days of the week. These "worker-priests" were recruited during the academic year through interviews at colleges and seminaries from coast to coast. Princeton Seminary was well represented by some dozen volunteers who worked in several national parks, including Grand Teton, Glacier and Yellowstone.

The Fishing Bridge area in Yellowstone is heavily populated during the summer. There are a large cabin area, a trailer village, a campground, a visitors' center, a general store, a photo shop and several employee residences. On a warm July

Left: An Easter service in Death Valley. Center: A moose showed up at one early morning service. Right: Vacationers worship in the inspiring setting of the Yellowstone wilderness. Photos: A Christian Ministry in the National Parks and, the moose, National Park Service.



or August weekend several thousand people may camp nearby. In order to serve all of them, the area student minister must have a co-operative and enthusiastic staff. The work takes not only people, but planning as well. The weekly staff meetings where we aired our gripes, presented new ideas and laid plans for ministerial work and worship sounded something like this:

"With so many campers here we just can't get to all of them to let them know about services. We need more manpower when we go campground calling!"

"But most of those who attend worship services come of their own accord after informing themselves about when and where. They come because they're genuine and sincere about their faith and practice it no matter where they may find themselves."

"True, but there are still a good number of people who come simply because we were able to reach them with an announcement about place and time of service."

"How about this coming Sunday? Have any of you got any new ideas for worship?"

"I'd like to make some banners with a saying from scripture to dress up the amphitheatre."

"Why don't we try a roving service? Let the congregation walk through the woods and along the beach, stopping at various places for singing, praying and preaching."

"I think our Sunday evening worship is too formal. We could try a 'singspiration' — have the entire service devoted to congregational singing and special music. Instead of the pump organ we could use guitars and sing from chorus sheets

instead of using the hymnals."

"The sermon seems to present a problem. How does one preach to a transient congregation with a variety of liturgical and doctrinal backgrounds?"

"Most denominations believe in the Bible as proclaiming the Word of God. When you preach, use a scriptural text as the basis of your sermon. Preach from the Bible, and most of those who come will have a meaningful worship experience, no matter what denominations they belong to."

In addition to these discussions the staff also found time for reading God's Word and group prayer. Although we were nominally a Methodist, a Lutheran, a Baptist, a member of the Church of God and a member of the Church of Christ, we were one in the Spirit; and by the end of the summer we had grown very close in our Christian fellowship.

Before we disbanded at the end of the summer, we held a meeting at which each person told what the experience had meant to him personally. We had learned a lot about ourselves. We found it sometimes frustrating trying to serve a congregation that changed every week. We wished we had been able to give more time to the staff.



"And of course everyone has his own bear story."

Photo: National Park Service.

We had ministered to congregations as large as 209 and as small as 8. (In fact one early morning service was cancelled because only a moose showed up.) We had contended with cold fog, rain, hail, snow and wind, as well as some potentially dangerous wild life. However, these problems were small compared with the spiritual blessing received from ministering to and having fellowship with Christians from all over the land.

We cannot know what seeds we planted in the hearts of those who worshiped at Fishing Bridge, but it is our prayer that others will water what was planted and that God through His Son, Jesus Christ, will give the increase.



Right: The Reverend Ronald A. Cottone is from Birmingham, Michigan. He holds B.A. and M.A. degrees from Baylor University and is a Middler in the M.Div. program at Princeton Seminary. He is an ordained minister in the General Association of Regular Baptists.

A Woman Who Praises the Lord

by Abigail Rian Evans

"I prayed I would die before my husband because I was afraid of living alone. When he died, I thought my world had come to an end but it was what I needed to make me stand on my own two feet. The troubles I had are the best thing that could have happened; they gave me strength and made me a real person." So spoke Mrs. Daisy Witsenburg, reflecting on her invalid husband's death. Now, 15 years later, Daisy not only has learned to stand on her own two feet, she is a vibrant Christian who brings joy to the life of each person she meets.

Born in Dutch Guiana of Jewish origin, Daisy grew up in a Dutch secular household, surrounded by music. As an infant she tapped on her cradle; by age 5, on the piano. When she was still a young girl, her parents moved from Surinam to Holland so that she could study at the Conservatory of Music in The Hague.

Shortly after their marriage she and her musician husband came to live in the United States. She is now an American citizen, and has been living on New York City's West Side for more than 50 years.



It was on the ship coming to this country that she first felt the impact of a Christ-centered life. A "very Calvinistic" Dutch family were also coming to America. Even to hold a needle on Sunday was wrong, according to the father. He prayed before meals. "I loved that," comments Daisy. Through their witness she joined the Dutch Reformed Church. "Everyone has a natural tendency for spiritual values," but she found herself drifting from Christianity into metaphysical teaching soon afterward.

Then, through the contagious faith of several of her young piano students, she came to the Broadway Presbyterian Church twelve years ago. "The sermon hit me just right," but at first she found it hard to think of herself as a "miserable sinner"; after all, she loved life and had great enthusiasm. She felt, however, that once she had accepted her sins she could throw herself totally into the life of the church.

Asked "What difference does being a Christian make?" Daisy says, "It is a whole way of life, being in the church. I had always loved to do kindnesses — like bringing strawberries to my grandmother — but when my husband was so sick and I was unhappy for a long time, I knew that my enthusiasm and sense of humor were gifts from God. My sufferings made me a human being; they now enable me to comfort and bring joy to other people."

Although the glow of the new experience of becoming a member of the church did not last forever, she draws great strength from joining in almost every aspect of its life. "I have a tremendous need for communion with the saints."

Her involvement with all ages includes anything from singing folk rock tunes with students at the People's Service to playing Schubert duets at the Broadway Guild for older adults. Especially precious are her friendships with younger people; although she has no children of her own, Daisy has a particular affinity with youth. "I can meet them on their own level. You would be surprised what they confide to me." (Daisy is known to many as "The Matchmaker.")

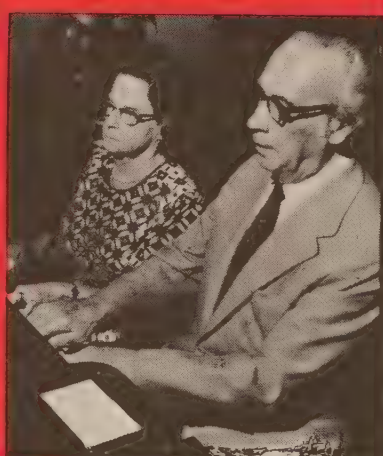
Typical of her care for others: One Sunday morning she came rushing up, "I'm so worried about James. He slipped on the ice and broke his arm on the way to church this morning." So for days she rode the subway, taking him meals, and "bringing a little sunshine into his life."

Almost everyone at Broadway Church becomes her friend because she honestly shares herself. "I'm good at being with people, but don't make me sound *too* good; there's a lot of bad mixed in, but it strengthens you when you know you have a gift."

Left: Abigail Rian Evans holds a B.A. from Jamestown College and a B.D. from Princeton Seminary and has pursued graduate studies at the University of Basel. She is currently Assistant Minister for University Work at the Broadway Presbyterian Church and Religious Counselor at Columbia University. She is married to the Reverend Dr. Robert Maxwell Evans (59B) who is Associate Professor of Religion at Westminster College. The couple have five children.



Top, left: Daisy, Ministers Roger Hull, 64B, 69M, and Abigail Evans and visitor after Church. Top, center: Folding church bulletins. Top, right: With the Sunday School children. Center, above: Greetings after service. Right: Mrs. Witsenburg in Bible Study Class. Below, left: Daisy in Broadway congregation. Center: Sunday coffee time. Right: Playing duets at the Broadway Guild. Photographs by Mort Thomas.





Fumio J. Sayanagi
Japan



Margaret S. Misal
India



Samuel Y. Khalil
Egypt

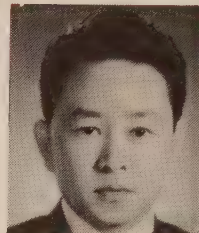


John A. Patton
North Ireland



Nymphas R. Edwards
Jamaica

These are some of the 61 international students attending Princeton Theological Seminary this year. Each one is receiving scholarship aid, as are most of our American students. Will you help us in our task of preparing Christian ministers for the world-wide church by establishing a permanent scholarship fund at Princeton Seminary? The minimum amount required to endow a partial scholarship is twenty-five hundred dollars (\$2,500), while a full tuition scholarship requires an endowment fund of fifty thousand dollars (\$50,000).



David I. Santoso
Indonesia



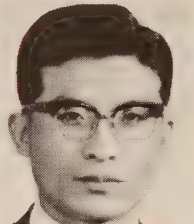
Graham S. Ogden
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He had never sung till he sang God's songs. Even the unbelievers liked the Gospel songs, especially those with original highland tunes. The songs were good; so was God's Word. God's Word — how he wished he had it in his language. "We need it; that's real food," he said to himself.

When he got home he pushed open his cactus-wood door. Without even changing his clothes, he curled up on the sheepskins, pulling a heavy woolen blanket over himself. When he woke, his wife Emiliana was already starting a fire in the mud stove.

"Before the town meeting last night I was talking to *pajk jila*," said Florencio. (That's what they call the linguist-translator, meaning "big brother.") "He asked if I'd go with him to Cochabamba to help translate the New Testament. It's impossible to get it done here with so many interruptions. I'd be gone for two or three months at a time." He looked inquiringly at Emiliana, but her tiny braids curved down and hid her face as she leaned over to blow the fire.

"Two or three months," she thought, "to tend the sheep and keep track of the llamas all by myself; two or three months to collect llama dung for fuel, and walk out to check the quinoa fields, leaving the little boys alone for several hours... but then — God could speak to us in *our own* language!"

Women and girls go to a family "beauty parlor" every few months for their ancient *hairdo*—of about 120 braids.



Chipaya clothes are homespun from sheep and llama wool. Big pins serve as jewelry and for fastening bundles to carry on their backs.

She looked up and answered, "Yes. Go. I'll get along. We need God's Word in our language." Then she bent over the fire again.

And so it was that Florencio came to Cochabamba last year. In an hour and fifteen minutes he flew high over the barren plateau, over the Andes Mountains and into the world of streets and stores. After a few weeks of concentrated translation work he said, "My back and my legs have often been tired, but never my head. *Why* does it feel so heavy and tired?" He was finding out that translating is hard work, struggling to understand what the Scriptures really mean and then straining to express them clearly and accurately in Chipaya. But putting his weary head to work again, Florencio asserted, "I want God to speak *good* Chipaya!"

This year he came back "to help God speak Chipaya" — what an awesome task! This time the rains had begun and it took him five difficult days to travel to Cochabamba. But God had lit a fire in his heart and he came. Again he worked till his weary head ached, but never once said, "It's too much. I want to go home."

He knows there is still a lot of checking and revising to do before the New Testament can be printed and distributed, but he is living for the day when he can say, "Now God speaks *Chipaya*!"



Donald N. Eshleman, a 1973 graduate of Princeton Seminary, serves the Metropolitan Ecumenical Ministry of Newark as the first full-time Protestant pastor to be called to minister to the needs of a white ethnic community. A native of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, of Mennonite background, he came to

seminary from Messiah College. A 1972-73 Edwin E. Aldrin Research Fellowship enabled him to make his study, "Neighborhood Stabilizations: a case study of two Newark white ethnic communities," which seeks to determine whether an urban neighborhood can organize to reverse destructive processes.

"No one in this city wants to help me with my problems." The words of an elderly Italian woman echo like a cry in the city of Newark. "I go to the clinic and the people are all black. Last time I was there the woman said she didn't want to see my ugly white face again." But the problem isn't just her perception that blacks are not interested in helping her. The problem is real, for Mrs. De Martino isn't receiving help from anyone. She has no one to listen to her—no family to live with—and she is living on welfare.

Only three years ago there was no institution in Newark to which Mrs. De Martino could turn for assistance for her problems. The church didn't have the technical expertise to help with her medical and housing problems. Now, thanks to the vision of community leaders and to resource assistance from the churches, the North Ward Educational and Cultural Center is helping the white ethnic community in Newark to find a future in the city.

Newark is the largest city in New Jersey and the commercial nerve center of the state. In the summer of 1967 Newark received national attention as a city in decay when television screens across the country showed the disorders in the streets. Massive indictments and convictions of public officials, including the former mayor, followed. In 1970 Newark elected the first black mayor of a major American city, Kenneth A. Gibson, a former city engineer. Under his leadership Newark began a massive clean-up campaign and brought in federal self-help programs to assist the

A White Minority: Cause for Reflection



North Ward youths gather materials to use in renovating the Center. The future is brighter for them because of its youth programs.

Courtesy, North Ward Educational and Cultural Center

Black and Spanish communities. These programs, while inadequate and incomplete, were a beginning step toward empowering the black community.

But in this process another problem was exacerbated. In the late 1880's, when Newark's ruling class was firmly Protestant and Anglo-Saxon, the Italians settled in a section of four-story, walk-up, cold-water tenements, the First Ward. In these harsh conditions the Italians made their way. Discrimination slowed their advancement into the mainstream of employment. But the Italian community was strong. True, when you wanted to take a bath, you had to go down the street to the bath house, but the struggle and adversity strengthened their will to live in America.

The Newark Housing Authority in the 1940's uprooted the entire Italian community to provide new housing. Many of these Italians worked to build the 15-story brick buildings which replaced the decaying tenements. But in the process their community was destroyed. Any Italian in the North Ward will point bitterly toward those towers and say, "That was once my neighborhood."

The Newark *Star-Ledger* discovered that certain realtors were using fear tactics to pressure whites into selling their homes "before they depreciated further in value." One

elderly Italian widow sold her home, which represented a lifetime of savings and care, to a realtor only to see him resell it the next day for double her price.

Although various programs serviced the black and Puerto Rican communities, there were no similar institutions in the white ethnic community. Racial resentment and racial polarization mounted. Then, in 1970, Stephen N. Adubato, a life-long resident of the North Ward and a former Newark school-teacher, founded the North Ward Educational and Cultural Center (NWECC). The Presbyterian Church, through Newark Presbytery's urban coordinator, Frank Gibson, had seen the need for the church to begin working with white ethnic community leadership. Under Adubato's leadership and encouraged by Frank Gibson and others like him, the Center became a community-based organization. For the first year it operated out of Steve's kitchen. He talked with Newark's black leaders to determine their feelings about an organization to serve the white minority. As Steve says, "The Center's program is not for most communities in America—only for the few cities where whites constitute a minority of the population."

The most consistent complaint of Newark's white ethnics was that college opportunities were not available to their kids. The Newark school system failed to provide a high school education preparing its

Courtesy, Center for Urban Ethnic Affairs

Looking—for hope?



"For Sale"—by choice or fear?

Courtesy, Center for Urban Ethnic Affairs, Washington, D.C.

students to compete in the college market. The Federal Government had intervened to provide special admissions programs for black and Spanish-speaking students, but neglected the whites.

In August 1971 the NWECC moved from Steve's kitchen to a Bloomfield Avenue storefront office and began a counseling service aimed at assisting white ethnic students in college admissions and, equally important, in finding financial aid. The program has since assisted scores of students who would not otherwise have gone to college.

Joey Lang is an example. Joey, twenty and white, attended a technical high school. From a broken home, he has been on his own for two years—since his graduation from high school. But Joey has the will to go to college. Typically, there would have been no help for Joey. Because he is a *white* ethnic kid he would not normally qualify for such special programs as the federal Economic Opportunity Fund (EOF) created to assist black and brown students. With NWECC's assistance and advocacy, however, Joey is on EOF, receiving the full range of services: college admissions guidance, financial aid, tutorial help and counseling. Joey keeps in touch with our counseling staff and he is doing fine.

and Ministry

by the Reverend Donald N. Eshleman

The NWECC does not serve only the young. The most active program is the Senior Citizens' "Leisure Time Club." Its more than 300 members meet weekly to socialize and to escape from the loneliness which old age sometimes brings. Last summer the NWECC moved to the old Clark Mansion, a magnificent 30-room structure designed by world-famous architect William Halsey Wood for William Clark, the "Clark Thread" magnate. When the house was purchased by the NWECC, its doors were for the first time opened to the entire North Ward Community.

The Center now has more than 20 full-time staff people in ten major programs. What relevance have these programs to the Church? Val Fowler, a Princeton Seminary student from Amarillo, Texas, who is working at the Center, has one answer. "The Center shows how church resources can be used to generate support from other sources, such as foundations and the Federal Government. By supporting programs like NWECC, the

Church furthers its mission of ministering to the needs of large cities. The Center could not have made it without the timely support of the local Presbytery and Synod. We can feel proud that our church dollars support such projects."

The Center itself is not a religious institution, but the helping hand it extends to the community speaks of the love which Christ taught us to show to those in need. In Newark, New Jersey, in 1974, hope for survival is needed by the black, brown and white ethnic communities. Working in concert with such black organizations as the Urban League and the NAACP, and with emerging institutions in the Spanish community, this "white NAACP," as the *New York Times* called it, continues the struggle.

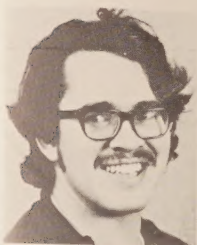
In the words of the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., "We have a dream" about the future of the city. Our dream is that if we can serve the Mrs. De Martinos and the Joey Langs, the racist perceptions which lead to racial polarization can be overcome.

As Steve Adubato puts it, "When someone comes in complaining about the blacks and Puerto Ricans getting everything, we don't give them a history lesson on oppression. We ask, 'Where do you hurt?'"



The days begin early and last long when you are an immigrant worker.

Courtesy, Center for Urban Ethnic Affairs, Washington, D.C.



Val Fowler

The 100-year old mansion which houses the offices and programs of the North Ward Educational and Cultural Center stands not only as an architectural landmark but also as a symbol of the permanence of the Center.

Courtesy, Richard T. Koles



Your gift can reach across the barriers of space and time to ensure the continuing preaching of God's Word throughout the world.

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Th.M. candidate Inya O. A. Ude, Nigeria; Professor Cullen I K Story; Th.M. candidate Chae-Woon Na of Korea; Middler M.Div. student Robert F. Searle, Wolcott, New York, sharing a between-classes joke.



The Reverend Dr. William H. Felmeth
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